If I could see the puppits dallying.

Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.

Ham. It would cost you a groning to take off mine edge.

Oph. Still better and worse.

Ham. So you mistake your husbands. Begin murtherer, leaue thy damnable faces and begin, come, the croking Rauen doth bellow for reuenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit and time agreeing,
Considerate season, els no creature seeing,
Thou mixture ranke, of midnight weeds collected,
With *Hecats* ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholesome life vsurps immediately.

Ham. A poisons him i'th Garden for his estate, his name's *Gonzago*, the story is extant and written in very choice *Italian*, you shall see anon how the murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzagoes* wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Quee. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Giue ore the Play.

King. giue me some light, away.

Pol. Lights, lights, lights.

Exeunt, all but Ham. and Horatio.

Ham. Why let the stroken Deere goe weepe,
The Hart vngauled play,
For some must watch whilst some must sleepe,
Thus runs the world away. Would not this sir & a forrest of feathers, if the rest of my fortuns turne Turke with me, with prouincial Roses, on my raz'd shooes, get me a fellowship in a city of Players?

Hora. Halfe a share.

Ham. A whole one I.
For thou dost know oh *Damon* deere
This Realme dismantled was
Of *Iove* himselfe, and now raignes here
A very very paiock.

Hora. You might haue rim'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Didst perceaue?

Hora. Very well my Lord.

Ha. Vpon the talke of the poisoning.

Hora. I did very well note him.

Ham.

11 inuected 22 strooken

Ham. Ah ha, come some musique, come the Recorders,
For if the King like not the Comodie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie,
Come, some musique.

Enter Rosencraus, Guyldensterne.

Gu. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir a whole historie.

Guyl. The King sir.

Ham. I sir, what of him?

Guyl. Is in his retirement meruailous distempred.

Ham. With drinke sir?

Guyl. No my Lord, with choller.

Ham. Your wisedome should shew it selfe more richer to signifie this to the Doctor, for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into more choller.

Guyl. Good my Lord put your discourse into some frame,
And stare not so wildly from my affaire.

Ham. I am tame sir, pronounce.

Guyl. The Queene your mother in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guy. Nay good my Lord, this curtesie is not of the right breed, if it shall please you to make me a wholsome answer, I will do your mothers commandement, if not, your pardon and my returne, shall be the end of businesse.

Ham. Sir I cannot.

Ros. What my Lord.

Ha. Make you a wholsome answer, my wits diseasd, but sir, such answer as I can make, you shal command, or rather as you say, my mother, therefore no more, but to the matter, my mother you say.

Ros. Then thus she saies, your behauiour hath strooke her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderfull sonne that can so stonish a mother! but is there no sequell at the heeles of this mothers admiration? impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother, haue you any further trade with vs?

Ros. My Lord you once did loue me.

Ham. And doe still by these pickers and stealers.

Ros

10 meroilous 22 aunswere 23 comma